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DR
JAM
A.



HER POSTSCRIPT.

"COMING HOME I HAD AN ATTACK OF THE HEART AND HAD TO FALL BACK ON MR. TREDDLE."

1898

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Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

The men behind the guns have made the American Navy respected the world over and American mechanics at Waltham, Mass., have made the world acknowledge that American watches are the best.

The name Waltham on the movement plate of a watch is a guarantee of excellency the world over.

*The "Riverside" movement is as perfect a timekeeping machine as you can buy, no matter what you pay.
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·LIFE·



THE MAIN POINT.

"HOW CAN YOU WANT TO MARRY MY DAUGHTER IF YOU HAVE NEVER MET HER AND KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HER?"
 "BUT I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, SIR."

As to Woman.

ABOUT the form of woman
 There's a halo of romance,
 And she never loves but once—unless
 She has another chance.

THERE are reports of exceeding dissatisfaction among some of our volunteer soldiers whom the fortune of war has kept on American soil, at the prospect of being mustered out of service without at least a sight of our foreign acquisitions. From Washington comes word of "a perfect avalanche of protests" from Governors of States and other influential persons against the mustering out of the regiments in which they happened to be interested without giving them at least a chance to test the seaworthiness of their legs and stomachs. The boys, it seems, don't care where they go, but they feel strongly the need of going somewhere. This makes it embarrassing for the Administration, and tends to make our rulers feel that the war with Spain came to a premature and untimely end. Have we no friend anywhere who is willing to scrap with us, or must our brave volunteers be bilked of their chance to accumulate glory? If we had known beforehand how short the war was to be, it might have been carved into smaller pieces, so that every volunteer might have had a little. Really, the Administration has been shortsighted in this matter, and if these volunteers are sent home without a sail we may expect their resentment to appear in the fall elections.

A Mean Advantage.

FIRST SCRIBBLER: Lend you ten dollars? Why, I thought your article entitled "How to Prosper During Hard Times" was just accepted.

SECOND SCRIBBLER: It was, but the editor remarked as he took it that, being in possession of the secret myself, I could well afford to give it to the rest of mankind gratis.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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THE distinction in this country between the plain people and other folks has never been quite definite. It has always been a progressive difference. Forty years ago the plain people ate with three-pronged steel forks, and sometimes used their knives for the conveyance of their victuals as well as to cut their meat. Everyone has four-pronged forks now, so that that distinction has passed. There is not the same difference in clothes that there used to be, either. Everyone wears "store-clothes," and there has been so great an advance in the manufacture of raiment that almost everyone's clothes now have some style to them. The plain people, however, are still in great force, and arrogate to themselves most of the virtue and all of the political power in the country. The difference on which they pride themselves may be that they don't go to Newport in the summer, or don't go to Europe oftener than once in five years, or don't put high hats on their coachmen, or don't read the *Evening Post*.

All these distinctions are too vague and mutable to be altogether satisfactory, and the development of a new basis of differentiation is welcome. All Americans are now conveniently divided between the plain people and the heroes. The heroes are those of us who went to Santiago or Manila, and all members of the United States Navy. Perhaps our Porto Rico soldiers are heroes also—their

standing is not quite clear yet—but all the rest of us are the plain people.

We must not be too envious of the heroes, or contrast their lot too dismally with our own. Of course they have quantities of glory, but, after all, the eminence they have attained has its discomforts. Just as it is more blessed to give than to receive, so is it in many particulars more wholesome to admire than to be admired. We, the plain people, will have our ideals enlarged by contemplation of the glorious deeds of the heroes. We will exult in them, and it will do us good; but all the while we will delve at our usual jobs, and keep ourselves in subjection by our customary means of discipline. The close of the war brings no violent changes to us. Not so to the heroes. They cannot live on glory alone, but will have to go to work again just as we do, and, of course, their efforts to make a living are bound to be more or less prejudiced by our perpetual admiration of them, and by our propensity to waste their time in talking to them and getting them out for exhibition.

We must be systematically considerate of the heroes, and not gawk at them too continuously or tag after them in crowds in the streets, or overwhelm them with untimely cocktails and suchlike deleterious blandishments, or expect them to spend all their time telling us how fields were won, or hinder them overmuch by our wonder from going about their necessary tasks. We must work the Golden Rule in their favor, and use them as we would like to be used if we were the heroes and they were the plain people.

Good luck to our heroes, and speedy success to them in getting back into the ruts of peace and the wholesome occupations of everyday life!



FOR all that peace was declared some weeks ago, there has been no noticeable diminution of war news. Besides the capture of Manila, which brought out some of the biggest type in the newspaper offices, we have had our daily ration of more or less martial information from Porto Rico, varied with interesting stories from Santiago and Havana. It is necessary that there should be some

hard thinking done in this country before we find out where we are and can settle down to fixed national habits. We not only don't know what we are going to do, but we have not yet, as a people, any definite idea of what sort of a choice is offered us. When we talk about annexing the Philippines we make very blind discourse of it, for we have only the vaguest notion of what it means to annex those islands, or of how much of them are practically annexable. Manila was captured after the signing of the protocol and the suspension of hostilities.



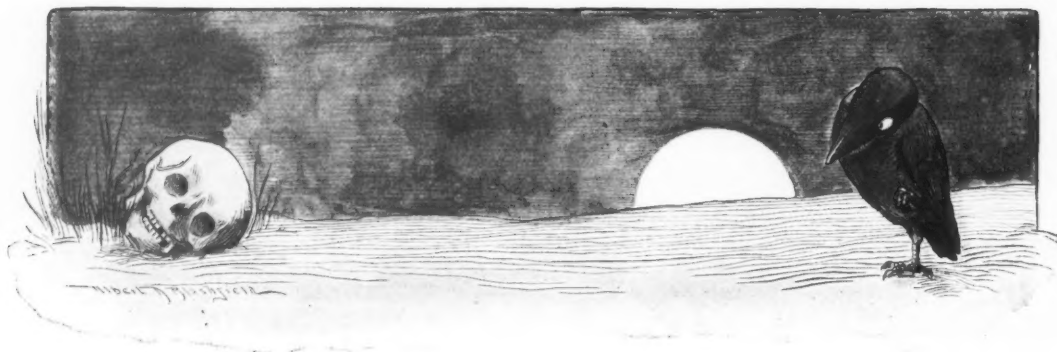
DOES that capture count, do you suppose? And, if so, what does it commit us to? How are we to govern Porto Rico—if we must govern it at all—and what sort of a compromise will best further the pacification of Cuba? A lot of our wise men met the other day at Saratoga to take counsel together on all these subjects, and certainly the situation warranted their meeting, notwithstanding there is some risk in having our wise men reach a conclusion, because of the tendency of the mass of the voters to want forthwith to do the other thing. It is funny; we are all agreed that it is a great thing for Spain to get rid of all her colonies, but we are not nearly so appreciative of their unprofitableness to us. We have not all gained as yet the faculty of seeing ourselves as we see others.



MR. JOHN HAY, the new Secretary of State, is a man with a past, and a past that has dialect verse in it. He is living it down with excellent resolution, and even now stands so well with his fellows that very little exception is taken to his promotion. Major McKinley seems to like to have men with pasts in his Cabinet. There is Secretary Long, who edited a Latin classic and found it expedient to become an abstainer; and there is Secretary Alger, whose past is still accumulating, and makes such fast progress that it already crowds, and may outstrip him. Perhaps it was because Secretary Day had no past that anyone knew about that he did not care to remain in the Cabinet.



"I DON'T KNOW WHICH WOULD BE THE MORE CONSIDERATE, TO ACCEPT OR REJECT HIM."
"THE ONE HE WOULD GET OVER SOONEST, MY DEAR."



"DID YOU CALL?"

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Stephen Crane's "The Monster."

THERE are more kinds of things well done in Stephen Crane's story, "The Monster," than in any previous work of his. It is really a small novel of thirty thousand words, though published in a single number of *Harper's*. The motive of it is intensely psychological, and yet there is scarcely a single reflective paragraph in it. It is incident, action, character, in quick succession—and often apparently disjointed and irrelevant. But when the last block is put in place the whole design flashes into an orderly picture—like the landscape painted on six separate boards by a variety artist, and suddenly clapped into a gilt frame.

The adjective which seems best to describe this talent is "dexterity." He always makes you feel a certain dashing confidence behind his work; he is a juggler who is perfectly sure that he will catch the knife by the handle every time. The reader can't escape the suspicion that perhaps Mr. Crane is not juggling with real knives—and if he did catch the wrong end it would not hurt him. All kinds of dexterity are apt to breed a similar skepticism.

TO name the things well done in the story is almost to name each incident. The comedy of the Dutch barber shop and of the negro dandy's call upon his sweetheart is irresistible. There is no attempt at being smart or funny; he simply tells you what they said. Then the aspect of the square at night in a rural town which calls itself a city; the strange thrill of the fire alarm, the humors of the volunteer companies, the tragedy of the burning house—all these things follow with increasing gloom to the subtle horrors of the close.

And in depicting horrors he shows more restraint than he has previously thought wise. To paint a horror and pile it on thick have seemed to be a part of his stock in trade. But in this tale he follows the admirable Hawthornesque plan of suggesting the horror by showing its effects upon various observers. The black veil over *Johnson's* disfigured face is far more terrible than any grawesome anatomical details.

There is also unexpected elevation in the motive of the story. The quiet heroism of the Doctor is admirably indicated. He is the central figure of the drama, and yet he says least and seldom appears.

* * *

IT is reported that Halévy is mortally ill, at the age of sixty-four. His career has been one of versatile brilliancy, and so prolific that it is hard to associate it with good work. And yet he showed remarkable proficiency in everything that he attempted. He wrote libretti for the music of Offenbach, and Bizet, and Mozart; with Meilhac he wrote *Frou-frou* for Bernhardt, and a score of other plays, serious and frivolous; and in fiction he scored wonderful successes with "Marcel," "The Abbé Constantin," "A Love Match," etc. With it all, he was made a member of the French Academy.

His short stories have long been famous for the bright cynicism, the worldly clever-

ness, and the grace and vivacity of the dialogue which make his comedies so brilliant. A little volume of them was recently published in translation, under the title "Autumn Manœuvres" (Richmond).

* * *

THE war correspondents are all returning with material enough for a hundred "buggy" romances stored away in their memories. No American novel will be genuine in the next year or two without San Juan or Santiago stamped somewhere in its pages.

And yet *LIFE* ventures to predict that the next great success in fiction will be a sentimental love story without a hint of fighting in it. We know when we have had enough of a good thing. *Droch.*

THAT "war is hell" there is little doubt, and compulsory vaccination is but one more horror. To face the living foe in front is far safer and more comfortable than to confront some of the results of vaccination. Among these are mentioned tuberculosis, scrofula, and a liberal variety of cutaneous diseases.

For the American soldier who happens to be posted on this subject, it is an outrage that he should be forced to become a victim—often by violence—of this offensive superstition.

Equal to the Occasion.

MAUD: Did you not call for help when he kissed you?

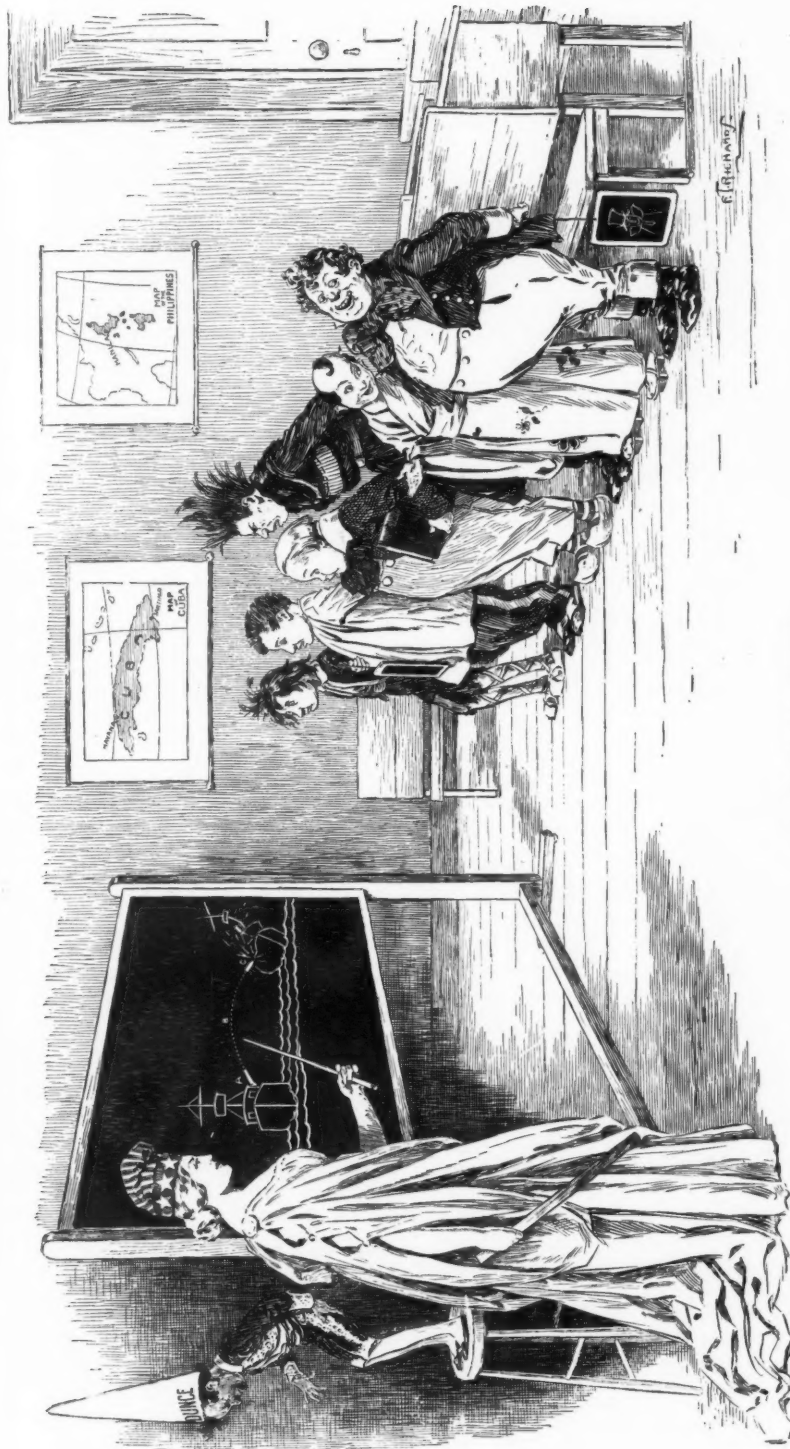
MARIE: No. He didn't need any.

Accommodating.

MRS. A.: Didn't you think Mrs. Whipple a very refined woman?

MRS. B.: She was vulgar, to me.

"Well, she *is* adaptable."



THE NEW SCHOOLMISTRESS.

When I Played Golf.

WHEN I played golf I learned to eat
Some things I dared not eat before,
I learned another tongue complete,
I learned to lie about my score.

When I played golf I learned to flirt—
An opportunity most rare—
And as I cameod the dirt,
I picturesquely learned to swear.

When I played golf I learned to steal
The balls the other players lost,
I learned to spend my all and feel
'Twas wrong to stop and count the cost.

When I played golf my great concern
Was this:—I say it to my shame—
The only thing I did not learn
Was how to play the cussed game.

JASPER: What is the news?
JUMPUPPE: I can't tell you that
until to-morrow. I am just reading to-
day's paper to see how much of yester-
day's news to believe and how much of
it has been contradicted.

THERE seems to be a large and whole-
some moral to be drawn from the
capture of Manila. It is asserted that
the

Spanish General practically suggested the man-
ner in which the American troops should advance
to prevent loss of life on both sides.

This was an inspiration. Why not
adopt it as a ruling principle in future
warfare? At certain critical moments
in every battle stay the proceedings and
decide, by a commission previously ap-
pointed, which General has the advan-
tage. By this means, war, instead of
being a stupid and vicious retrogression,
with its endless train of widows, orphans
and mutilations, would become an enter-
taining spectacle.

Left Behind.

"I AM told there is large capital behind
him."

"Yes, he has run through two for-
tunes."

SOME think that the spelling of colonel
Is not only absurd but infolonel.

But it's quite undeffiled
'Side the matter that's piled
Into sheets of the *World* and the *Jolonel*.

NEW ARRIVAL: What is that
group over there singing with so
much pathos and feeling?

SATAN: "Man wants but little here
below."

He and She.

"**W**E'VE had such a glorious time!"

It was at the railroad station of a popular watering place. A tall, buxom woman in a sailor hat and a pink shirt waist was addressing a blistered-faced man with a listless air, who, as much as he dared, was leaning up against his dress-suit case, waiting for the incoming train for the city.

"Wasn't the hop Saturday night a great success?" she continued; "and to think, my dear, that you would dance with me only three times. I don't think I ever enjoyed a better game of golf than we had Saturday. But you really must brush up at it, for your form wasn't at all good. The bathing did you so much good, didn't it? Don't forget to put some cold cream on your face. You will find it in the upper left-hand corner of the cabinet in the bathroom. And now you must promise me that you will drop business and come again this week. Say you will, p-l-e-a-s-e."

Her husband looked up with an air of suppressed joy as he heard the whistle of



"YOU ARE SUFFERING, YOUR MAJESTY, FROM SLOW HEART ACTION AND THAT TIRED FEELING. TOO MUCH PHILADELPHIA MISSIONARY. TAKE ONE FROM CHICAGO, AND INCREASE THE DOSE TO A DRUMMER."

the train, and nervously gripped the handle of his dress-suit case.

"Yes, dear," he muttered feebly. "I'll come—if I feel rested enough."

Li Hung Chang.

THIS gentleman, the lighting change artist of the Eastern Empire, once visited the United States, and put up for a week at the Waldorf Hotel. Previous to that he was the wealthiest man in his own country. England has recently been clamoring to have him discharged from his present position, so that Li Hung Chang's sorrows have been multiplying. It was bad enough before, when an order from his Imperial master might be received at any moment, instructing him that he must be stripped of a brand new golf suit. But now, when he is beginning to run errands for England, Germany and Russia, and at the same time

square himself with the local ring, it is doubly depressing. It would seem as if Li Hung Chang's future was rather precarious. The best thing he can do is to settle in the United States and open up a first-class laundry.

"**H**OW long does it take you to do up a white ruffled skirt?"

LAUNDRESS: Generally about two washings, ma'am.

Not Lost, But—

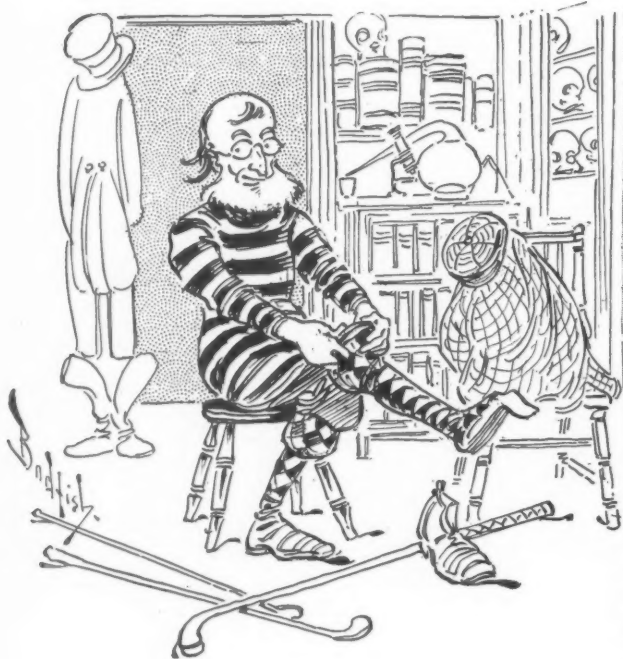
IDROVE a golf ball in the air, It fell to earth, I know not where. With patience and with skill profound I searched the grass for rods around. No more that ball will soothe my eye, The caddie got there first—that's why.

Hopeless Either Way.

GULPINS: Remember, James, if anyone calls to collect a bill, I'm away on my vacation.

JAMES: But suppose, sir, they see you first?

"You can say I've just got back. It's about the same thing."



A SAGE DRESSING (FOR GAME).



LI HUNG CHANG.



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AT THE
A THEATRICAL
WHEN STAGE-STRUCK MAIDENS BEGIN
HOT
ON TH
THE SEA

LE.



AT THE HOTEL.
THEATRICAL ON THE ROAD.
NS BEGIN THE SEAMY SIDE OF HISTRIONIC GLORY.



An Interview with the Great Reviser.

Richard Le Gallienne . . . It is to this master that the Cosmopolitan University has committed the task of writing a new Rhetoric. Mr. Le Gallienne has agreed to give his services in the preparation of a treatise upon the art of writing the English language.

—The Cosmopolitan Magazine.

As soon as I read those words in the *Cosmopolitan* I hid me on the wings of thought to Mr. Le Gallienne. I found him swaying airily upon a bank of daisies, his favorite resting-place. His lightness of touch may be inferred from the fact.

"A butterfly on this led down," said I.

"Meaning me, of course," said he, motioning me to a seat on the ground in front of him, and the ice was broken.

"Mr. Le Gallienne," I said, "I have a sentimental regard for the works of the old and recent masters in English, and the news that I lately read in the *Cosmopolitan* is disquieting. Is it indeed true that you propose writing a new English Rhetoric?"

"Why not? *Tempora mutantur et tempora o mores de mortuis nil tibi bonum, tempus edax rerum hinc ille lachrymæ.* I must do that which my hands find to do, and, while I may work havoc among sentimentalists such as you, I will unquestionably enrich the English language with pearls of thought that have long lain within the oysters of my brain."

His wavy black hair became incandescent for a moment, and his lambent eyes grew lambenter.

"That is a rarely beautiful thought," said I. "Is it expressed in your Rhetoric or in the unrevised version?"

He did not answer me, but at mention of the last two words he said: "My only regret is that I will have to postpone writing the Bible for a year or two. The Psalms of David appeal to me with such force that I

HOW WE KNOW THEM.



THE LION BY HIS MANE.



THE KANGAROO BY ITS LEGS, TAIL, AND THE QUAIN WAY OF CARRYING ITS YOUNG.



THE CAMEL BY HIS HUMP AND POSE.



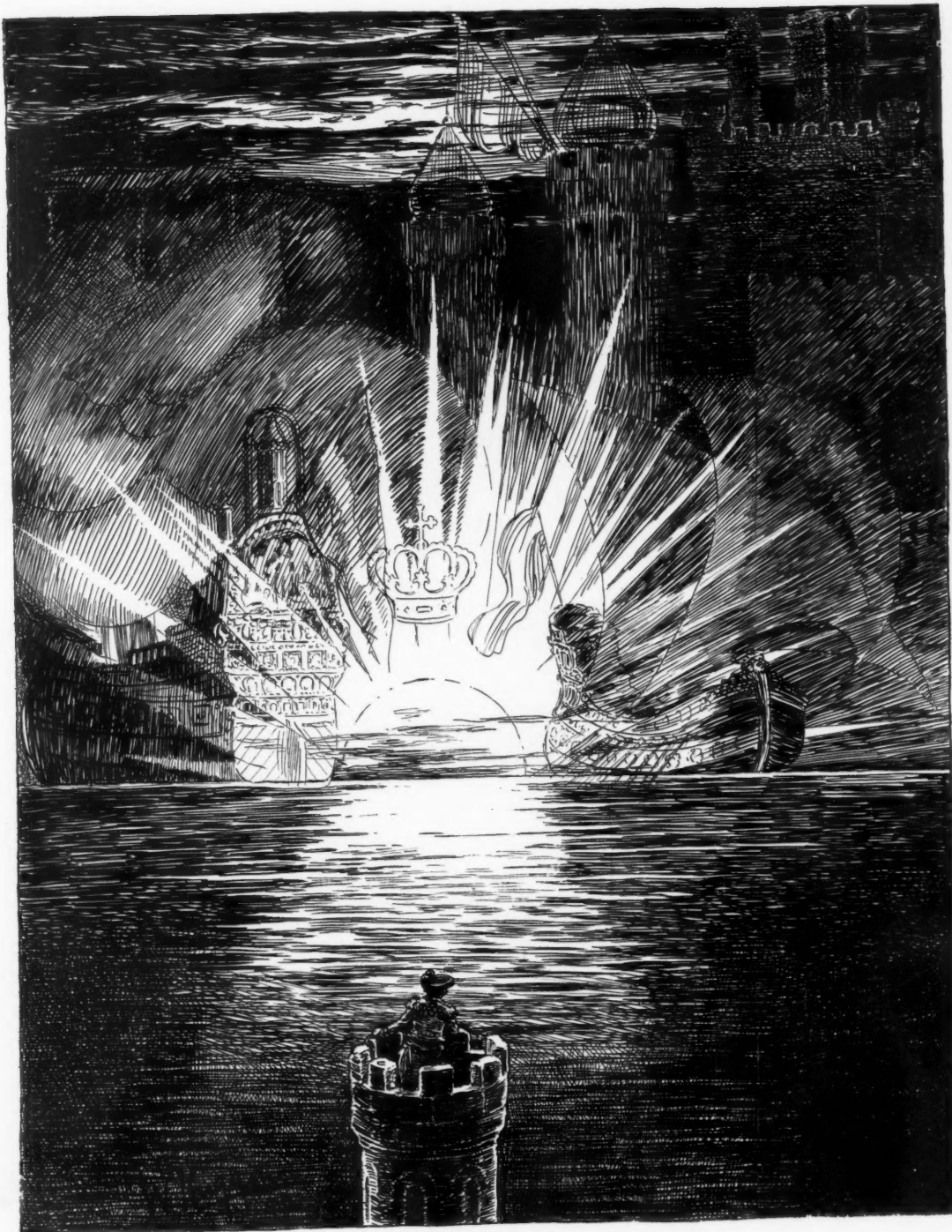
THE ELEPHANT BY HIS TRUNK AND EARS.



THE OSTRICH BY HIS LEGS AND PLUMES.



THE GIRAFFE BY HIS NECK AND PATTERN.



A SPANISH SUNSET.
1898.

feel sure I can make as fine a poem of them as I did out of the Rubáiyat."

"But tell me, Mr. Le Gallienne, what will become of Shakespeare and Spencer and Dryden and Shelley and some of the moderns if your Rhetoric becomes the standard? For I doubt not it will be iconoclastic in its tendency."

"Unquestionably. Well, that's not my lookout. I know how English ought to be spoken and written better than any man living or dead, else Mr. John Brisben Walker wouldn't have hired me for the job; and, having accepted the commission, I must go ahead and write a Rhetoric, even if Shakespeare and the others be dethroned." He wafted himself on the tips of his fingers to a fresh bank of daisies, and continued. "Besides, if life and strength are vouchsafed to me in sufficiency, I shall tackle all the masters eventually, and make them right according to the standard set up in the Cosmopolitan Rhetoric. Stevenson's essays are good stuff, but they're not what they'll be when I get through with them. You won't recognize the 'Idylls of the King' when I have made it jibe with my Rhetoric. And now you must pardon me, for here come some bees with my lunch."

I thanked him for the interview, bowed, and left, passing as I did so a swarm of bees laden with honey for the Great Reviser. For on honey and dew of the morning he waxeth fat.

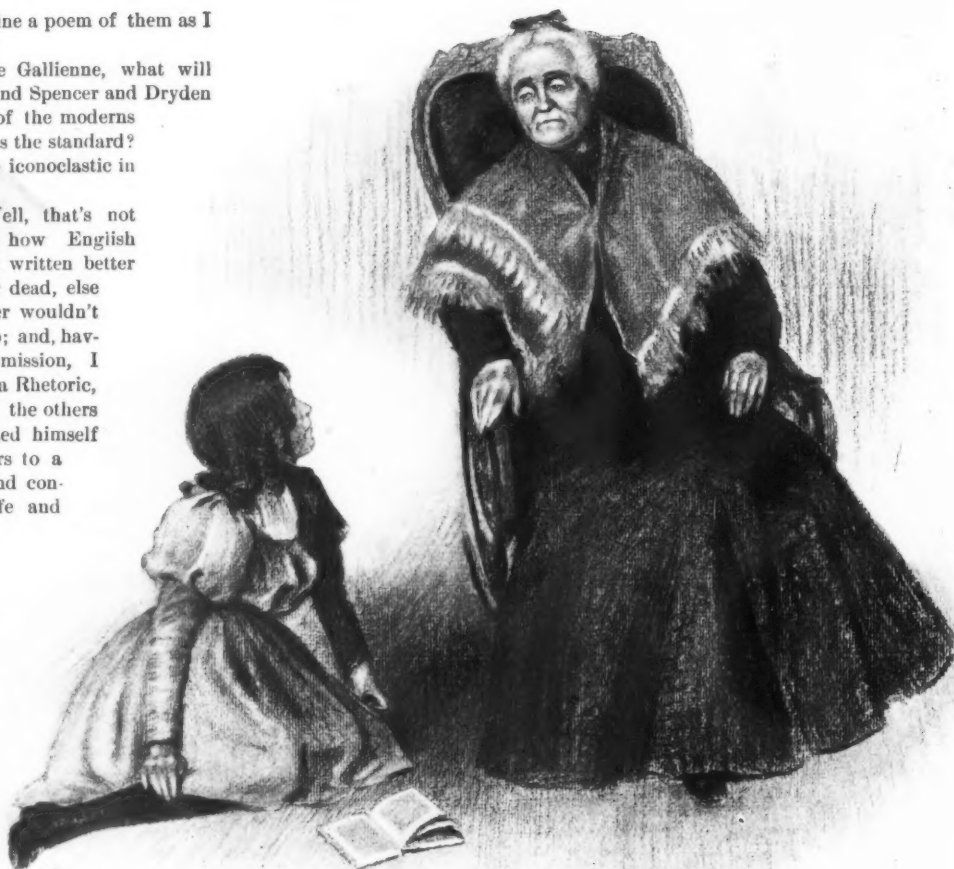
Charles Battell Loomis.

An Itinerary.

WHEN in a car on Love's "L" road
A young man takes his seat,
He rides without a stop until
He reaches Cortlandt Street.

Then on to Rector Street he flies
With swiftness, ease and grace,
And leaving there he soon, alas!
Arrives at Battery Place.

James Barrett Kirk.



FORETHOUGHT.

"WHEN YOU GO TO HEAVEN, GRANDMA, WILL YOU PLAY A HARP?"

"I SUPPOSE SO, DEAR."

"THEN WHY DON'T YOU TAKE LESSONS?"

At Long Branch.

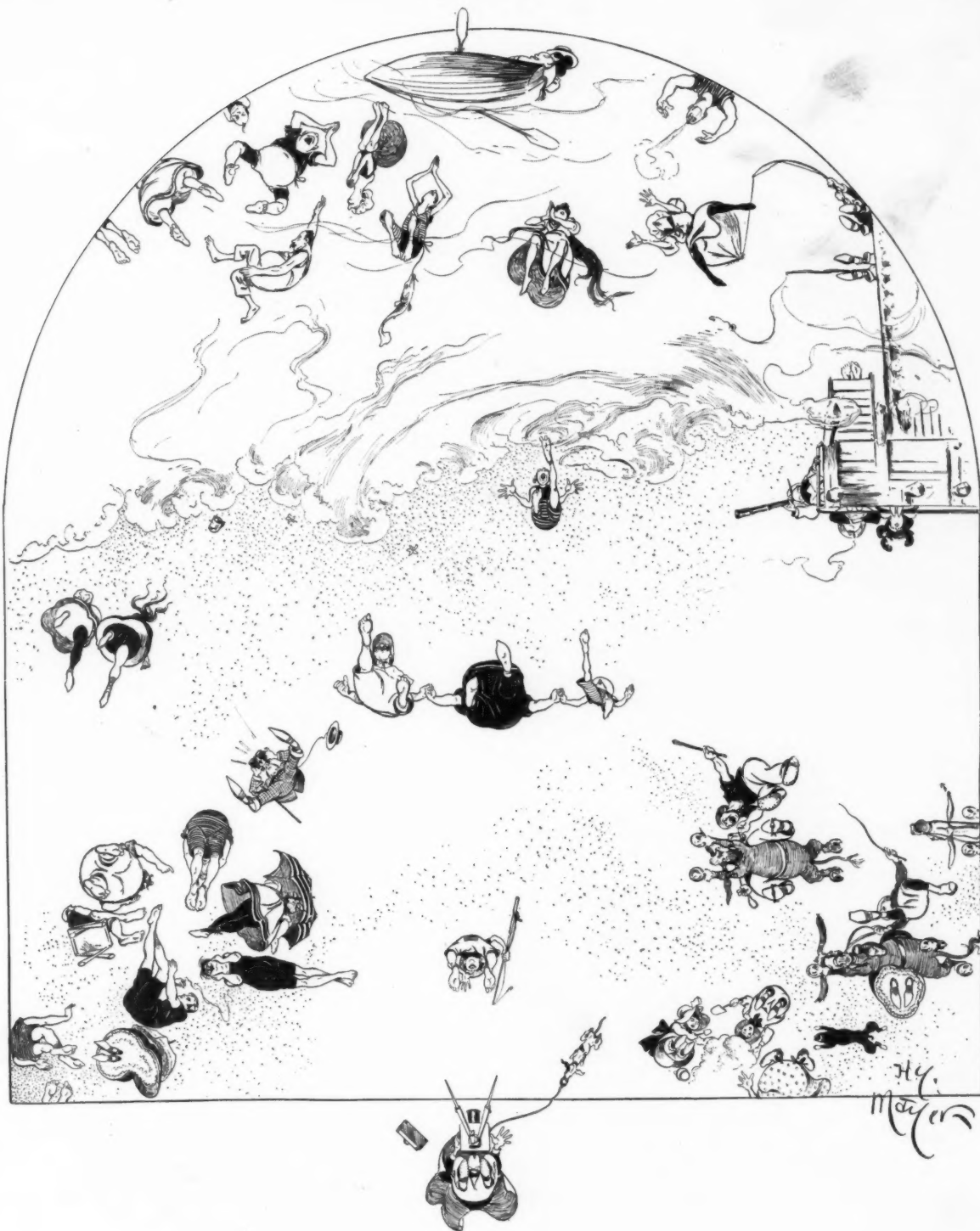
"JOHN, are you going in bathing this afternoon?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I'll get the maid to sweep the vegetables off the water."

"MICKEY, me bye," said Mr. Casey to his eldest son, when the latter had refused to rush the growler on the ground that such a proceeding was vulgar and undignified. "Mickey, me bye, ye're thyrin' hard to be a gentleman, but ye're not goin' at it in the roight way at all, at all. Foiné clothes yez hov and a good eddication, but thot's not the whole t'ing. Don't be grinnin' at phwat Oi'm tellin' yez, an' don't t'ink Oi don't know a rale gentleman phwen Oi see wan. All me ancestors

was gintlemen, an' Oi've thried me besht 'o folly their example, but Oi niver tho't Oid see the day phwen a son of moine wud be makin' a dude out of himself. Oi saw yez to-day ridin' in the strate car all dressed up in yer swell togs, little knowin' thot yer dad was standin' on the back platform, watchin' yez makin' eyes at the purty gurls. But phwen a poor old lady wud a baby in her arms came lookin' fer a seat, did yez offer her your place? If yez did, no wan saw yez. But the young felly in overalls thot was sittin' roight ferninst yez made room fer her in a howly minute, although he may not hov bowed as iligantly as you wud hov done. But d'yez t'ink the people in thot car didn't know which of youse two was the rale gintleman? No, Mickey, ye're on the wrong thrack intoirely, an' yez hov a great dale to learn befoor ye'll be half the man yez now t'ink yez are.



ON THE BEACH.—LOOKING UP.



THE YANKEE DUDE'LL DO.

When Cholly swung his golf stick on the links,
Or knocked the tennis ball across the net,
With his bangs done up in cunning little kinks—
When he wore the tallest collar he could get,
Oh, it was the fashion then
To impale him on the pen—
To regard him as a being made of putty through and through;
But his racket's laid away,
He is roughing it to-day,
And heroically proving that the Yankee dude'll do.

When Algy, as some knight of old arrayed,
Was the leading figure at the "fawncy ball,"
We loathed him for the silly part he played,
He was set down as a monkey—that was all!
Oh, we looked upon him then
As unfit to class with men,
As one whose heart was putty, and whose brains were made
Of glue—
But he's thrown his cane away,
And he grasps a gun to-day,
While the world beholds him, knowing that the Yankee
dude'll do.

When Clarence cruised about upon his yacht,
Or drove out with his footman through the park,
His mamma, it was generally thought,
Ought to have him in her keeping after dark!
Oh, we ridiculed him then,
We impaled him on the pen,
We thought he was effeminate, we dubbed him "Sissy," too—
But he nobly marched away—
He is eating pork to-day,
And heroically proving that the Yankee dude'll do.

How they hurled themselves against the angry foe,
In the jungle and the trenches on the hill!
When the word to charge was given, every dude was on
the go—
He was there to die, to capture or to kill!
Oh, he struck his level when
Men were called upon again
To preserve the ancient glory of the old red, white and blue!
He has thrown his spats away,
He is wearing spurs to-day,
And the world will please take notice that the Yankee
dude'll do. —S. E. Kiser, in *Cleveland Leader*.

I heard a good story about the Prince and it was well
vouched for. In the eighties, when the Radicals were more
than ever clamorous and active, a young lord said to him:
"Sir, have you ever thought of the possibility of this
becoming a republic, and your losing your title and income?"
"Yes, I have," said the Prince.
"And have you thought of what you would do?" the
young lord persisted.
"Why, yes," said the Prince, "there would always be a
chance to lecture in America." —*Providence Journal*.

WHAT THEY SAID.

"Excuse me, sir, I have to report that the ship has been
blown up and is sinking." —*Bill Anthony of the Maine*.
"Suspend judgment." —*Sigsbee's message to Wash-
ington*.
"We will make Spanish the court language of Hades." —
Fighting Bob Evans when war was declared.
"Remember the Maine." —*Schley's signal to his fleet*.
"Don't hamper me with instructions; I'm not afraid of
the entire Spanish fleet with my ship." —*Captain Clark of
the Oregon to the Board of Strategy*.
"To hell with breakfast; let's finish 'em now." —*A Yankee
gunner to Decey*.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy." —*Decey to
Prince Henry of Germany*.
"I've got them now; they'll never get home." —*Schley on
guard at Santiago Harbor*.
"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."
—*Hobson to Admiral Sampson*.
"Don't mind me, boys; go on fighting." —*Captain Capron
of the Rough Riders*.
"Don't swear, shoot!" —*Colonel Wood to the Rough
Riders*.
"Take that for the Maine!" —*Captain Sigsbee, as he fired
a shot through the Terror*.
"Expect to take the place as soon as I can move. Rein-
forcements will not reach me." —*General Shafter before
Santiago*.
"Shafter is fighting, not writing." —*General Corbin to
Secretary of War Alger*.
"War is not a picnic." —*Hamilton Fish*.
"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I'll close in."
—*Lieutenant Wainwright*.
"Don't cheer just now, those poor devils are dying." —
Captain Philip.
"I want to make public acknowledgment here that I
believe in God, the Father Almighty." —*Captain Philip*.
"The Maine is avenged." —*Lieutenant Wainwright,
after the destruction of Cervera's fleet*.
WATTS: What! You drinking again? I thought you told
me you had won a victory over alcohol.
LUSHFORTH: Sp-hic-anish victory, ole feller.
—*Indianapolis Journal*.
"The man I marry," said the Blond Widow, "must be a
hero."
"He will be," remarked the Savage Bachelor.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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This Show was held in the Madison Square Garden, New York City, on
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The official publication is a handsome book of about one hundred
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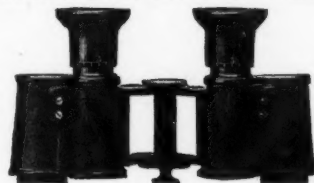
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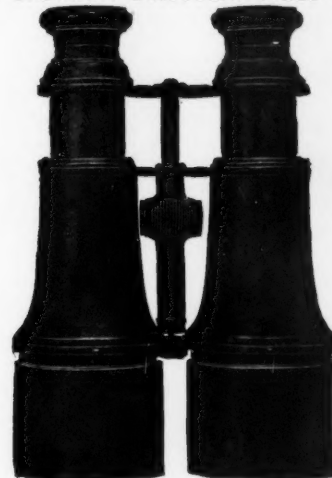
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By an arrangement of two double reflecting prisms of superior quality the ray of light is bent upon itself four times without the slightest loss of brilliancy, making it possible to place the object lenses far enough apart to obtain perfect stereoscopic effect, and affording optical powers hitherto unobtainable.

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ANNOUNCEMENT!

On May 16th we resumed the sale of back numbers of LIFE. The prices are 25 cents each for recent issues and 50 cents each for those that have been published more than six months at the time the order is received.

BALLADE OF THE FAN.

Gold and mother-o'-pearl,
Tortoise-shell, satin, and lace,
To tell the enchanting eyes of a girl,
And the light on her laughing face:
Feathers in fringe embrace,
Ivory sticks enspan,
The Cupids swinging in rosy space
On a bit of a painted fan.

Tinkling rivulets purrl
At a midsummer-languid pace,
Over this scene that you see unfurl,
Watteau's by its airy grace:
Strephous of Gallic race
At play in the woods of Pan,
And powdered Phyllidas out of place
On a bit of a painted fan.

Drifts of cherry-bloom whirl,
Swallows their flight retrace,
Blossoms such as the spring might hurl
For the young west wind to chase,
Goblins and gnomes grimace,
And the summit of Fuji-San
Shoots milk-white from its blue-girt base
On a bit of a painted fan.

Prince, or marquis, or earl,
At your best but a mortal man!
You are less than nothing before the twirl
Of a bit of a faded fan!

—*Pail Mall Gazette.*

A VALUABLE BOOK.

"INFANT HEALTH" sent out by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Company, New York, proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a valuable book that should be in every home.

THE auxiliary cruiser *Yankee*, which is manned by the New York Naval Militia, includes in her crew a large number of electrical men. During the *Yankee's* recent visit to New York, shore leave was granted to the crew, for the first time since they joined the ship.

"There are funny things in spite of the hard work," said one of them. "We were out at sea, and one of the boys—you know him—was doing his trick at the wheel. Commander Brownson came up alongside him, and, after watching him a few minutes, said:

"You steer very well, my man."

"Billy just saluted—being up on naval etiquette.

"Been practicing since you joined the ship?" asked Brownson.

"No, sir; I haven't been practicing much," said Billy.

"Well, you handle this ship as if you'd steered before," said Brownson.

"Yes sir," said Billy, "I have."

"Where?" says Brownson.

"All along the Atlantic coast," says Billy.

"What did you steer?" says Brownson.

"My own steam yacht, sir," says Billy.

"How big is she?" says Brownson, after a pause

"About a thousand tons, sir," says Billy.

"I see," says Brownson.

"Thank'ee, sir," says Billy, saluting.

"And the 'old man' went to his stateroom."

—*Electrical Review.*

"THE Dr. Jaeger Co. received many valuable recommendations of their elastic abdominal bandages, a large quantity of which they furnished, free of charge, for distribution among our soldiers in the field. Many medical authorities gave their approval of the action, and have written favorably in regard to the benefit derived from the wearing of these bandages in the regions where fever attacks so many thousands of our sons."

"Is your daughter having a good time at the seashore?"

"No; she writes home that she is engaged to the same man she met last year."—*Chicago Record.*

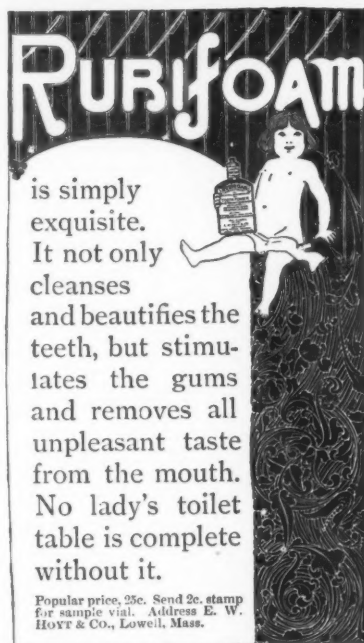
FIRST THEOSOPHIST: This settles it; I resign from the society.

SECOND THEOSOPHIST: What's the matter?

"Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try to square with me in some future existence."—*New York Herald.*

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Rurifoam

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Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
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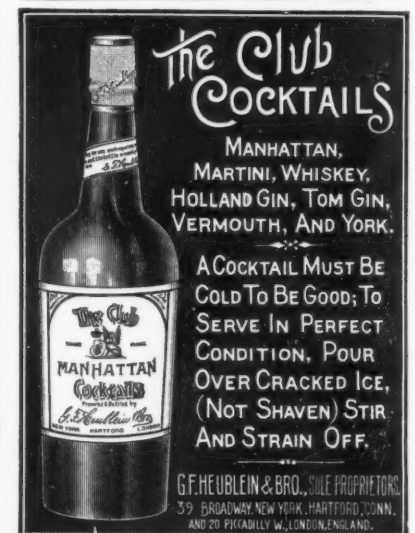
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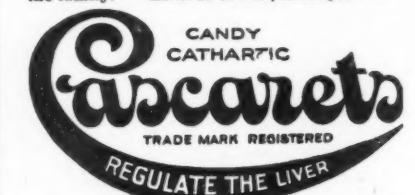
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PAID-UP CAPITAL . . . \$1,000,000.00

Assets (Accident Premiums in
the hands of Agents not in-
cluded) \$22,868,904.16
Liabilities 19,146,359.04

Excess Security to Policy-
holders \$3,722,635.12

JULY 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Pre-
miums in the hands of
Agents not included) . . . \$24,103,936.67
Total Liabilities 19,859,291.48

Excess Security to Policy-
holders \$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since
1864 \$35,660,940.19

Paid to Policy-holders January-
July, '98 1,300,493.68

Loaned to Policy-holders on
Policies (Life) 1,161,705.00

Life Insurance in Force . . . 94,646,869.00

GAINS.

6 MONTHS—JANUARY TO JULY, 1898.

In Assets \$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders) . . 522,060.12

In Insurance in Force (Life De-
partment only) 2,764,450.00

Increase in Reserves 706,642.18

Premiums Received, 6 Months . . 2,937,432.77

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
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